

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



FOUNDED 1836
WITHDRAWN FOR EXCHANGE
N.L.M.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

7
FROM A. P. S.

23-7

BALLSTON

SPRINGS.

BALLSTON

SPRINGS.

DULCE EST DECIPERE IN LOCO.

*At Ballston to the fountain I repair,
Or hold sweet converse with the charming fair,
Or read a newspaper, or scribble rhyme,
Or sauntering stroll, and muse away my time.*

New-York:

PRINTED BY S. GOULD, OPPOSITE THE CITY-HALL.

.....

1806.

INTRODUCTION.

As the Ballston waters have afforded me much benefit in respect to my health, and occasioned the following effusions, I am induced to give them currency, that those with feebler bodies may avail themselves of the Springs, and that those with stronger minds may be inspired to produce real poetry for entertainment and instruction.

ADDRESS
TO THE SPRING.

Let the drunkard's theme be wine,
Fount of Ballston thou art mine.
The bloated face, the pimpled nose,
The stiffen'd joints, the aching toes,
The sluggard blood, th' obstructed veins,
The fault'ring tongue, the muddled brains ;
With th' unwieldy dropsied shape
Shew the triumph of the grape——
Ballston, health to thee I owe,
And my spirits genial glow.

Ballston, you my blood refin'd,
You reviv'd my languid mind ;
You made all things joy impart,
To my sympathising heart—
Grateful indeed I ought to be,
You caus'd ('twas all in all to me)
My Emma's smile, my Emma's praise,
Too high a meed, for trifling lays—

NIAGARA.

The most sublime expressions are too faint,
 This wond'rous vast of nature to reveal,
 And colors quite inadequate to paint—
 Awe-struck, astonish'd, I admire and feel.

What strange emotions agitate my soul,
 Whilst from this rugged cliff which lowers around,
 I view the mighty water's ceaseless roll,
 From precipice immense, to ^{30 feet} ~~abyss~~ profound.

My ear is stunn'd, with their tremendous roar,
 The rocks all shake, with their concussions strong,
 Whirling and foaming, furiously they pour,
 Till gentle by degrees they smoothly glide along.

Now by an island parted, swift they flow,
 Then dimpling smile, as glad to meet again,
 At length as separate travellers they go,
 A varied journey in the wide-spread plain.

Thus, each surmounted trouble in review,
 Our placid lapse of life the more endears,
 And youth's impetuous turmoils struggl'd through,
 Pleas'd we descend the fertile vale of years.

Though monstrous masses of hard stone combin'd,
 Resist in vain the waters forceful sway,
 Reflect——how Heav'n in bounty to mankind,
 For countless uses, makes that pow'r obey.

My eyes now turning from their utmost ken,
 Admire the rocks reverberated sprays,
 In foam ascending form to clouds again,
 Illum'd with beauteous tints of solar rays.

Thus midst our toils the brightest visions rise,
And transient dazzle with delusive light ;
But ah ! too soon they vanish to the skies,
And mists and shadows dwell upon our sight.

At length, my mind from moralizing thought,
In awful contemplation, soars, inspir'd,
To him who every where has wonders wrought,
And all my soul's with adoration fir'd.

Having proposed a subscription from every person coming to Ballston Springs, for a public garden, the following was written to encourage it.

Oh ! think what pleasure nature's charms impart,
 To draw from worldly cares the human heart,
 What glowings flush with exercise the cheek,
 What inward bliss the roseate tints bespeak.
 The mother *there* may with her boy repair,
 T' inhale the fragrance of balsamic air,
 What joy ! beneath the shade to view her child,
 Ply its elastic limbs in gambols wild ;
 She on its future prospects fondly bent,
 He on his momentary sports intent.
 The Statesman *there* may turn th' historic page,
 And learn experience from each former age.
 The poet *there* may court his Muse retir'd,
 And tracing vivid scenes become inspir'd,

The Lover *there* may wander in the grove,
Indulging all the doubts of timid love,
And stretch'd along the willows roots complain,
Of slighted vows in many a weeping strain.
There noble youths and gentle nymphs may walk,
Delighting and instructing each with talk,
Or seated in some shady blest retreat,
Mingle with *sweet* discourse their glances sweet.
What bliss ! to view the flower , the shrubs and trees,
And hear the murmuring rill and whispering breeze.
What harmony, when birds in song unite,
Fluttering, nestling, billing with delight,
All eyes, all hearts a garden must approve,
'Twas heaven's first gift to innocence and love,

A SUPPOSED LETTER

BY A LADY FROM BALLSTON.

Having now quite recover'd from pains in my bones ;
 From jolting o'er gullies, o'er stumps and o'er stones,
 I'll fully detail how we pass away time,
 And hoping to please you will scribble in rhyme.
 At morn about seven, we each shew our skill,
 In striking the beaux by a neat dishabille ;
 Then repair to the spring, and smilingly greet
 With a curt'sy and compliment all whom we meet.
 There Miss Polly Guzzle with boasting will drink
 Twelve glasses at once, nor heeds what men think,

* * * * *

When I hear her talk thus, I go saunt'ring away
 Apprehensive lest blushes my mind should betray.

At eight we to breakfast all scampering repair,
 What devouring, what chatt'ring, what bustle is there!
 'Three persons to please us by turns, have combin'd,
 And such a strange trio you rarely will find.
 Now Mrs. Burke Hamilton acts and recites,
 And by voice most melodious each hearer delights.
 Now the tumblers, stout *Menial* and slight Parmalee,
 Surprise by their strength and feats of agility.
 Now Stewart with lectures profound on the mind,
 Leaves Newton, and Bacon, and Locke far behind.

'Thus amus'd my dear friend every hour of the day,
 Our time unobserv'd hurries rapid away—
 Of matches I've heard very little as yet,
 Although for a Lover each girl throws a net.
 'Tis whisper'd, but truly I cannot believe it,
 For though I have watch'd them, I do not perceive it
 That the gay Mr. Smirk courts my pert couzin Jane,
 And that she nothing loth, does not let him complain,
 The man I detest, he's so full of grimace,
 And at his own nonsense laughs in your face.

I'm told he possesses a noble estate,
And that with poor Jane is intitled to weight.
She is not, you know, overburthen'd with sense,
And as to good breeding she has no pretence.
Perhaps when she's married she then may excel.
Her temperament at school we both knew too well.
Now I'll tell you a secret, but pray do not blame
If I speak of a Lover concealing his name.
'There's a gentleman here I have in my eye,
Whom if he address'd me, I could not deny.
His person is form'd every woman to please,
Though less of Appollo than of Hercules.
He seems rather clumsy to some nice beholders,
So thick are his legs and so broad are his shoulders,
He's made like a Hero our sex to protect,
And to stature so manly I cannot object.
His accent is slightly affected with brogue,
But that amongst us is now all the vogue.
By his looks and expressions I fancy he's courting,
He cannot I hope be with tenderness sporting.

To all he's polite, but I clearly can see,
 'That his *je ne scais quoi* is directed to me.
 Sometimes I am jealous of Miss 'Tittle Tattle,
 Whose body's a gig, and whose tongue is a rattle.
 He laughs so with her, and seems so much pleas'd,
 I can scarcely conceal how much I am teas'd,
 But when quitting her, he your humble addresses,
 His smile and his air banish all my distresses.
 Then he sentiment talks, and so plaintive appears,
 My bosom beats quick and my eyes start with tears,
 You know that "a sigh midst enjoyment will stray,
 " And a tear is the tribute which rapture must pay."
 He surely must see all the transports I feel,
 Which I'm not over cautious in truth to conceal.

'Tother day being tempted abroad by the weather,
 As we sat on a log talking softly together,
 He took out his pencil and wrote me these lines,
 As a poet he far every other outshines.

Whilst other damsels ogling riggling,
 Romp, nor know what they'd be at,
 Whilst other girls with nonsense giggling,
 Please vulgar souls with trifling chat.

Oh ! may I with my Nymph retire,
 And listen in a calm retreat,
 To sentiments I must admire,
 Cloth'd in words select and sweet.

The rest I suppress lest with cynical smile,
 You should tell me 'tis flattery but to beguile.
 In truth he so fully possesses my heart,
 With my fortune and person I'd cheerfully part.
 But fortune I'm sure he most nobly despises,
 'The soul of a woman is all that he prizes.

My next, will, I hope, something certain relate,
 And determine my friend your Elizabeth's fate.

No longer I'm healthful, no longer I'm gay,
All who see me remark that I'm wasting away.
Uncertainty kills me—why wont he reveal,
The pangs which he suffers and I wish to heal.
I'll write you the moment my fears have an end—
Whether married or single believe me your friend.

ELIZABETH TINDER.

ANACREON

AT SUNRISE.

Raptur'd to the utmost height,
 Have we not enjoy'd to-night ?
 Now with love and music fir'd,
 All about us seems inspir'd.

When we change with varied sound,
 Slowly move or active bound,
 See the glasses dance in time,
 Hark ! how well in tune they chime.

Lo ! the Sun with fiery face,
 Comes with us to take a place,
 To day he early visits earth,
 To partake our festive mirth.

He's a jolly toping soul,
 A sea to him is but a bowl,
 Laughing he makes all things dry,
 Then empties flaggons from the sky.

But not with wine— we there outvie,
 The gods and goddesses on high,
 Nectar's a poor insipid draught,
 To the rich juice which we have quaff'd.

Bid him bring each blooming flow'r,
 To bespread our rubied bow'r
 Bid him join our odes of love,
 With his songsters of the grove.

Bid him leave his scorching blaze,
 You my girls beam sweeter rays,
 Deck with smiles each glowing face,
 Carrol whilst you charm with grace.

Let your wreaths and floating hair,
Blend their perfumes with the air.
Now the glorious Charioteer,
Full of joy, approaches near.

Strike the lyres in notes divine,
Pour another stream of wine,
Love inflames our throbbing veins,
Give to love our thrilling strains.

Nature dances now before us,
Raise your voices, join in Chorus.

THE
MIRACULOUS FLOWER.

When to take the air I stray,
And the various scenes survey,
If some flow'ret of the field
Should unseen its fragrance yield.
Eagerly I search around,
'Till the pretty blossom's found ;
Then my heart is not at rest,
'Till it's pluck'd and at my breast.
There, alas ! too soon it's wan,
All its bloom and perfume gone.

When I'm absent from my love,
What anxieties I prove ;

When return'd and by her side,
What admiration, joy and pride.
When her features beam with smiles,
How she worldly cares beguiles.
When her sentiments I hear,
A tender yet exulting tear
Starts, and raptur'd with her charms,
Eager I clasp her in my arms,
Disclosing sweets unknown before,
Day by day I love her more.
I think, I feel, I own, each hour,
I've Nature's most mirac'lous flow'r.

UPON CURING MISS——

BY MY ELECTRICAL BOX;

SHORTLY AFTER HER ARRIVAL.



Alas ! with thoughtless zeal I sped,
Pleas'd to apply electric art ;
The aches are gone from Emma's head,
But I am suffering at the heart.

The shocks which came from Emma's eye,
Afflicted instantly my breast ;
My wounds all remedies defy,
So deep, so firmly they're imprest.

Yet would I pleas'd resign my breath,
A pang from Emma to restrain,
And my last pray'r should be in death,
May Emma never know a pain.

ON SEEING MISS *****

AT THE BALLSTON SPRINGS.

Fresh as the morn when all the beauteous fair,
 Around the Spring in dishabille repair,
 How charming to behold Eliza bend,
 And take the glass from some assiduous friend.
 More pure, nor glass, nor water can appear,
 Spotless without, within from blemish clear.
 Envious I view the liquid which she sips,
 Between her pulpy, swelling, ruby lips.
 Her little feet and nice turn'd ankles shew,
 Peeping from muslin petticoat below.
 Her attitude (like Venus who retires*)
 The waving line of grace which taste admires.

* The statue of Venus de Medicis represents the Goddess bending forward modestly to conceal her charms.

To Fancy's eye my thoughts enraptur'd bring,
Hygeia smiling at her favorite spring.

Trembling with strange sensations of delight,
She shakes my reason, and bedims my sight.

O'erpower'd, I feel constrain'd, to bend the knee,
By every impulse of Idolatry.

UPON A PAINFUL INTERVIEW

WITH A MAD GIRL.

As yesterday I wayward stray'd,
In lonesome contemplative mood,
I met the poor distracted Maid,
Near her lov'd haunt, the gloomy wood.

All morn beneath the fervid Sun.
She'd wander'd o'er the russet plain,
Me, seeing, she appear'd to shun,
As if with horror and disdain.

“ Mary,” said I, “ why thus expose,
“ Thy tender form to scorching heat,
“ Already faded is your rose
“ Which bloom'd so fresh, which smelt so sweet.”

Her face was worn and wan to view,
 It languish'd with a trembling tear.
 Like a fair lilly bent with dew—
 She star'd, she started back with fear.

Then laugh'd, then with an heavy sigh,
 Thus she the wither'd rose address'd :
 “ Thoughtless, I destin'd you to die
 “ How could you bear this burning breast ?”

Now with a witching look she said,
 “ My Thomas will come home to-day,
 “ His bird sung so, above my head,
 “ And Thomas woud'nt a bird betray.

At this she shuddering, utter'd loud,
 “ Ah no ! he's dead—we ne'er shall meet—
 “ But yes, he smiles in yonder cloud,
 “ Wait, wait I'll bring my winding sheet.”

With that she ran—then made a stop,
 And stoop'd as if oppress'd to breathe ;
 I thought her fainting—'twas to crop
 Some daisies wild, to form a wreath.

And as she twisted them around,
 She sung so soft, so sweet a ditty,
 I thrill'd at every melting sound,
 And felt affection blend with pity.

Maria shall a Brother find,
 To shield her from external harms ;
 Could I ! restore her to her mind—
 Could I ! give Thomas to her arms. •

UNIVERSAL LOVE.



'T'wixt waking, sleeping in my bed,
 Methought a flutt'ring milk-white Dove,
 Lightly perching at my head,
 Whisper'd, cooing, sing of Love

Let others sound the trumpet dire,
 O'er death and ruin proud to rove ;
 Be thine the soothing trembling lyre,
 So shall your name be join'd with love:

Love's a theme for day and night ;
 'Tis a blessing from above ;
 Ceaseless fountain of delight.
 All is harmoniz'd by love.

The shady wood, the blazen'd plain,
 The amorous concert of the grove,
 Thrill the mind and throb the vein,
 Nature smiles, inspiring love.

Love with breath and milk you drew ;
 In youth, in age, you hourly prove,
 At every step, at every view,
 The glowing tender charms of love.

Love mankind, oh ! love the fair :
 Love whate'er on earth doth move :
 Love whatever soars in air :
 Love your God, the soul of Love.*

*—————" I cannot go
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their Suns.
 From seeming evil still educing good.
 And better thence again, and better still
 In infinite progression—but I lose
 Myself in him, in light ineffable :
 Come then expressive silence, muse his praise."

I have a faint recollection of some other lines, and amongst them of the following:

“ Banish foolish little Cupid,
Wanton Venus, wicked Jove,
Such allusions, trite and stupid,
Profane the purity of Love.”

LINES

WRITTEN BEFORE THE STAGE SET OFF,

To a person who had circulated some severe verses

ON DR. S——'s INFIRMITIES.



To hoary locks your smiles dispense,
 Let years obtain your reverence,
 'Tis want of feeling, want of sense,
 To gibe the lot of Providence.

When age is bending to the earth,
 When reason totters with the frame,
 Are these a proper theme for mirth?
 'Tear your satire, blush for shame.

Faults in you I could detect,
 I could distort each pretty feature,
 I could enlarge on each defect,
 'Till you appear'd an ugly creature.

Never dip your pen in gall,
 Cull life's sweets where'er you can,
 Look with kindness upon all,
 And know yourself to be but man.

Here we meet to banish spleen,
 Here should triumph love and joy.
 Enough of beauty's daily seen,
 Every genius to employ.

If by my advice you mend,
 Pleasure in your breast will dwell,
 Be assur'd I am your friend,
 Think of this—I go—farewell.

The following though written shortly after leaving Ballston, I attribute to the Spring; it is the recital of a melancholy event in verse, to restrain inconsiderate passion, and to make “heed-
“ less impulse learn to think.”

With many an ardent vow and kiss,
Long did I view and long entreat,
Till Mary's soul attun'd to bliss,
She sigh'd and said, “at twelve we'll meet.”

Oh ! 'twas a most delicious night,
The breeze was playful, mild and sweet,
The moon shone forth serenely bright,
Echo with nothing to repeat.

Slept lull'd in Silences lap. The hour
 Approach'd—mute on the garden feat,
 I listen'd shelter'd by the bow'r,
 For Mary's softly stealing feet.

At last the tardy clock I hear,
 And count each toll with cheerful greet ;
 But nothing stirs to catch my ear,
 Listening for Mary's stealing feet.

Hark ! there's a tread, she's coming now,
 Faithful and fond to our retreat ;
 'Tis but the rustling of a bough,
 Not Mary's softly stealing feet.

The solemn clock strikes one, aloud,
 I look, lo ! Mary white and neat——
 'Tis moonbeam freed from passing cloud,
 Not Mary's form with stealing feet.

Again my heart goes pit a pat,
 It must be her with step discreet—
 'Tis but a wand'ring murd'rous Cat,
 Not Mary's softly stealing feet.

As every anxious moment past,
 My bosom throb'd, my pulses beat,
 Till dawn of day appear'd at last,
 And I retir'd with heavy feet.

At breakfast most abruptly told,
 Of female murder'd in the sheet;
 I rush abroad, and ah ! behold
 My Mary laid in bloody sheet.

I'll hide me from the face of day,
 In some wild den I will secrete ;
 In pray'r I'll weep my strains away,
 Prostrate at Mary's anar's feet.

Oh ! she was virtuous true and kind,
With sense and gentleness replete ;
What can relieve my tortur'd mind ?
Oh ! that my soul to hers would fleet.

THE MOTH.*

Last night in quite a sober mood,
Perhaps occasion'd by the rain,
O'er Blackstone I resolv'd to brood,
With gainful law to fill my brain;
But flutt'ring to my candle's light,
A little Moth attracts my sight.
Round and round it rapid wheels,
Now athwart the flame it reels,
And often as I push aside,
The wretch intent on suicide,

* I have taken this from some Latin Lines of Dr. Bowne, read long ago, the first of which only I remember.

“ Musca meam volitat circum importuna lucernam.”

I find my efforts all in vain,
 His fatal passion to restrain,
 For still he tries and tries again. }
 At last I leave him to himself,
 And angry, thus address the elf :
 “ Since so solicitous to die,
 “ Indulge thy strange propensity.”
 Too soon, alas ! before my eyes,
 He writhes a burning sacrifice.

A tear involuntary fell,
 A sigh arose, I could not quell.
 But soon a moral hence I draw,
 Superior far to rules of law.
 No more (said I) will I repair,
 To buzz about the dang'rous fair,
 My Lot and this poor Moth's the same,
 Like him I should expire in flame.
 Infatuation in my view,
 Destructive love, adieu—adieu.

ZEPHYR.



Zephyr unconscionable thief,
 Is of all wanton rogues the chief,
 He robs each flowret of its sweets,
 To please each pretty nymph he meets,
 Then revels and reveals her charms,
 And laughs at modesty's alarms—
 Flutt'ring still to go astray,
 He whispers as he flits away.

“ Learn from me what 'tis to live,
 “ Delighted take, delighted give ;
 “ What greater bliss can mortals know,
 “ Than to receive and to bestow.

“ But in this only follow me,

“ And shun my verfatality.”

Pure folid happinefs is known

Bleffing and blefs'd with one alone.

The following were written previous to my journey to Ballston ; they will not I hope fill unsatisfactorily a few blank pages which remain'd.

PROLOGUE

Written upon the opening of a temporary Theatre in the great Hotel in Washington City, when Congress had removed after the period *prescribed of ten years in the act.*



Thank heav'n ten tedious anxious years are past,
 And here we've all together met at last.
 The Grecian states ambitious to destroy,
 Took the same time to level cloud-capt Troy.
 Their Hero by subverting fought his praise,
 Our patriot's nobler glory was to raise.
 Let other nations look to Greece and Rome,
 Columbia's bright examples are at home.

Whate'er is great or good we find in one,
 All virtues join'd to form a Washington.
 Exulting thought !——why thus appear distress'd ?
 But ah ! you feel the most who knew him best.
 Mourn not : but thankful that his life was spar'd
 So long, enjoy the blessings he prepar'd.
 As planetary systems move on high,
 Rul'd by th' Almighty's law of harmony,
 These states in ceaseless unity shall roll,
 Sway'd by the plan of his inspired soul.

To night we'll make you weep by mimic play,
 " For tears are tributes wick delight must pay,"
 Expand your tuckers, ye sigh-swellling fair,
 Unfurl your fans, your handkerchiefs prepare.
 Watch the soft moments ye enamour'd beaux,
 Arrest the tear-drop, trembling as it flows.
 Sweet sensibility, the soul endears,
 And beauty sheds a lustre most in tears.

Well, faith we've form'd a tolerable stage,
 'Twill do for comic glee, or tragic rage :
 But there (pointing to the pit) the City populates so quick,
 I fear you've stow'd yourselves away too thick,
 Ladies, you smile, as if the crowding pleas'd,
 Sure your fine frames must tremble to be squeez'd.
 This grand Hotel, for Epicures design'd,
 Now makes provision only for the mind :
 For you each night, two courses nice we cater,
 And in our wants the prompter call not waiter.
 A bad exchange, you'll say, solids for air,
 Who's he that whisper's it is city fare.*
 Sir, you're a poet, and delight forsooth,
 Rather to deal in fiction than in truth.
 Those ruddy cheeks evince the air is fine,
 And those plump sides shew on the best you dine.

Though now our Corps, rather too thin appears,
 This central spot shall draw forth volunteers.

* This alludes to complaints at first about the Markets by Philadelphiaans, who have the best.

If power's their wish, to monarchies we'll raise them,
 If fame, 'twere ample sure for you to praise them.
 If death and glory, here they may be slain,
 And what is better rise to life again.
 Their country's service, to a generous mind
 That first incentive, true they cannot find,
 And yet we act no despicable part,
 Who gladden life and meliorate the heart.
 At first behold us with indulgent eye,
 And soon with zeal we'll every want supply,
 Thus too this city all things shall acquire,
 Which fancy can suggest or heart desire.

The storm which lately did such damage here,
 Has been to us peculiarly severe,
 Our woods, our temples, gone beyond repair,
 Our gorgeous palaces it did not spare,
 Alas ! it swept our canvases almost bare.*

* This alludes to the injury sustain'd by the removal of scenery from Baltimore during a tempest.

For this deficiency we'll soon atone,
 Would, you could build as fast with brick and stone,
 If various tongues from building could disable,
 Your houses would of course be stopp'd like Babel.
 The sword, the bayonet, the cannons roar,
 Drive arts and science to this peaceful shore,
 Dutch, Irish, Germans, French all hither flee,
 To enjoy the blessed fruits of Liberty.

With your permission— (bell rings.)

Hark ! I'm call'd away,

That bell cuts short the best I had to say,
 Accept the will I pray your for the deed,
 For this I fear, too often we must plead,
 By your indulgence only we succeed.

}

The remarkable and instructive contrast between the expressions of Prejudice and Bigotry, and those of Christ at the solemn closing scene at Calvary, not having been sufficiently adverted to, I have put their words into verse, that they may make a stronger impression, and be more easily retained by the memory.

When Jesus preach'd the word of truth aloud,
 With meek persuasion, to a stubborn crowd;
 Stern *Prejudice* exclaim'd, urging his death,
 "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"
 And *Bigotry* ~~exclaim'd~~ ^{rush'd forth} with vengeful cry,
 "Crucify, the vile blasphemer crucify."
 But Jesus pray'd as his last sighs he drew,
 "Father forgive, they know not what they do."
